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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1899. NUMBER 3.

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SIXTH SESSION
TO BE HELD
IN
BOSTON,
OCTOBER,
1899.

A CALL TO THE JEWS.

This Letter Has Been Addressed to the Jewish Rabbis of America by the Undersigned Committee.

DEAR COLLEAGUE—At the fifth annual meeting of the LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION, held at Omaha, Neb., October, 1898, the undersigned committee was appointed to awaken the interest and invite the encouragement of Jewish leaders, laymen, congregations and societies in the work which the Congress is doing and in the cause for which it stands.

As is well known to you the object of the Congress is to emphasize the points of identity in the various religious systems and thereby to create a larger spirit of fellowship among the followers of all creeds. It begins its work with the assumption that contact between the representatives of various faiths will be the surest and the quickest means of breaking down the barriers of prejudice and hate that divide men from each other, for prejudice, it recognizes, is more often the offspring of ignorance than of malevolence. Providing annual meetings where the followers of all systems of religious thought may touch shoulder to shoulder, and disseminating a literature wherein every man's views may have free expr ssion, the Congress must, if its work be unimpeded, accomplish a vast amount of good for all men; but especially for those who have suffered from religious prejudice, born—as it usually is—of ignorance.

To none, however, can the beneficient purpose of the Liberal Congress come with a stronger appeal than to the Jew, for none has been so persistently misunderstood as he, and the teachings of no other religion have been so constantly misinterpreted as those of Judaism. That the Congress is likely to wield a great corrective influeuce in these matters is attested by the earnest support already accorded it by many of our most eminent leaders, some of whose names will be found in the list of officers.

To carry on its work, however, the Congress needs not only your moral, but your FINANCIAL support. Will you not therefore persuade your constituents to do their part in this grand work? Subscriptions from individuals, congregations and societies are earnestly solicited. An individual annual membership fee is $5.00, but larger and smaller amounts are likewise asked and will be thankfully received. Contributions may be sent to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or to the Chairman of this Committee.

Trusting that our appeal in behalf of this excellent organization may meet with a response in accordance with your means, we beg to remain,

Most respectfully yours,
LEO. M. FRANKLIN, Chairman, Rabbi Temple Beth El, Detroit, Mich.
DAVID MARX, Rabbi Hebrew Benevolent Cong., Atlanta, Ga.
MARCUS SALZMAN, Rabbi Cong. B'ne B'rith, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
} Committee.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
EDITORIAL—
Notes 479
The Boston Congress 480
Vacation Resolves for a Church 481
Anthropological Notes—
FREDERICK STARR 482
O Thou That Hearest Prayer—
Helen E. Starrett 483
GOOD POETRY—
We Are The Music-Makers—
Arthur O'Shaughnessy, 484
The Haymakers—*Alfred Austin* 484
Dusk—*James Whitcomb Riley* 484

PAGE
THE PULPIT—
Religious Authority—
REV. E. M. WHEELOCK 484
THE STUDY TABLE—
Notes by E. P. Powell 487
John Ruskin—OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS. 488
The Appeal to Biology—J. W. C. 488
My Creed—ROSSETER WYE 488
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 489
Home 489
How One Little Girl Decorated Her Grandpa 489

PAGE
THE HOME—
Plants Think 489
Dad's Birthday Surprise—
SARAH M. BAILEY 489
THE FIELD—
A Doubtful Honor 490
Brown University 490
Manila 490
Personal 490
Ryder Memorial Church 490
Universalist 490
Tower Hill 490
Green Bay 490

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1899. NUMBER 3.

Minnesota is trying to persuade congress to establish a national park around the head waters of the Mississippi. In order to advance the desired legislation it is proposed to give a large number of the members of congress a jaunt to the desired ground. It would seem that the park scheme is so in a line with the higher economics and the demands of science that it ought to commend itself to senators and representatives without the personal argument that assumes the shape of a junketing expedition, which somebody will have to pay for. Who?

On the 5th inst. the great steamer, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, broke its own record and reduced the time from Southampton to New York by two hours and fifty minutes, making the passage in five days, eighteen hours and five minutes. And the end is not yet. How neighborly this makes England compared to the England of a hundred years ago, and still the civic and human Atlantic keeps the old distance of standing armies and battleships. Is not Alfred Russell Wallace right when he argues, in his recent book on "The Wonderful Century," that our ethical development has failed to keep pace with our moral growth and civic advancement?

The Sixteenth Annual Iowa Conference of African Methodists was held in Chicago in Bethel Church last week, Bishop Arnet, who so endeared himself to the Chicago public at the Parliament of Religions, presiding. A white Methodist minister is reported to have said that he was in favor of uniting the African Methodists with the Methodist Episcopal force some time, but "not yet." Ah, that fatal "not yet." The brother said "race prejudices would disappear." If they are ever to disappear, where should prejudices fade if not at the altars of religion, at the sanctuary of worship? What is religion for if it is not to try to put into the present tense what worldliness, expediency and cowardice are entirely reconciled to when parsed in the future tense?

The other day the half-erected skeleton of a great coliseum building in Chicago toppled over and killed eleven men. A coroner's jury has found the constructive company guilty of gross carelessness and neglect, and they show how the violation of the simplest and best known principle of mechanics led to the sad disaster. The civil courts are to pursue the investigation further. And still here were sacrificed but eleven lives, only eleven homes made desolate; perhaps fewer widows and fewer groups of orphans sitting in darkened homes. Why such concern when if the management of the Pittsburg Bridge Company had been in uniform and their activities had represented military and not civic industries, and their blunder or carelessness had led to the loss of a hundred lives and the devastation of as many homes, they would have been exempt from criticism; indeed, to ask for an investigation would be regarded as "mischievous annoyance" to the government, or perchance treason to the flag. How long, oh, how long, will military murder be respectable, while life grows increasingly sacred in the civic development of man?

Another case of vigorous religious writing in the secular press and proof of our contention in a recent number, that many of the most stimulating influences in the field of morals and religion come to-day from the so-called secular press, is found in an editorial in the Chicago "Tribune" of the 7th inst., entitled "Ethics and Aims," in which the death of John Y. McKane, the exemplary church member and Sunday-school superintendent and manager of "some of the most scandalous election frauds ever practiced in this country" was used to illustrate "the moral conflict and capitulation which often takes place in energetic natures." But the "Tribune" boldly says, what our professional moralists and preachers of religion seem seldom to apprehend, that "the contradictions of McKane and Croker in New York politics are by no means the most colossal of such confusions now before the public." It adds: "The most colossal instance of this obtuseness is that of the Standard Oil Company, whose church and Sunday-school connections and whose benefactions stand over against a career of business iniquity and legislative corruption probably unparalleled in the civic life of our country. And yet this gentleman exhibits no evidence of moral disquietude. Indeed, prominent Frenchmen have been busy of late confessing participation in the bravest sort of forgery out of zeal for the army. * * * No man, because he has much at stake or sees alluring opportunities or even seems to himself in pursuit of high aim, is thereby removed from the domain of morals. Ethical standards are the bond of society and the social distrust of order largely registers the degree to which men in the interest of their career have excused themselves from these standards. It would seem as though the death of a prison scarred man like McKane would bring many another man up short as he reads the news, yet it does not happen so, and courts and prisons have still to do their work, while society pities and is ashamed."

The telegram that announces the election of Thomas R. Roddy, an American-born Irishman, as chief of the Winnebago Indians, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Black Hawk, lends itself to sensational journalism and the headlines are startling enough. The "funny man" on the editorial staff is having his chance, but beneath the surprise and the merriment lies food for thought, a suggestion of far-reaching significance,

This is no stage play, but a sober, wise business transaction. The remnants of the once great tribe of Winnebagos still represent a considerable company, many of them living in homes of their own, forming a law-abiding and industrious people, all of them more or less adjusted to the requirements of civilization. Though their legal rights have been ruthlessly trampled upon over and over again through the sufferance if not the sanction of the general government, they still have considerable property, and an income of twenty-eight thousand dollars per annum comes to them from the federal government. Mr. Roddy has been a neighbor, friend and adviser of these Indians all his life. He early mastered the Indian tongue, and he, his wife and his family have grown up among them. They temporarily reside in Chicago. He is soon to return to Black River Falls, the headquarters of the Winnebagos, and take up his residence among them and devote his life to the conserving of their interests and the direction of their affairs. All this points to the profound lesson that heredity can be and is to be overcome by environment, that blood so alien the one to the other in descent, tradition and temper as the blood of the Celt and the American Indian, can be reconciled, harmonized, fused. It shows that the assumed impassable chasm between races and the alleged eternal antagonism between colors are fanciful and unreal. It is one more object lesson in fraternity, one more hint of the international brotherhood, the republic of humanity that is to come. In this fusion the Irishman has not so much degenerated as the Indian has progressed. Mrs. Roddy to the Chicago Tribune interviewer said: "We have known the Indians for a number of years, and I can say that they make excellent neighbors. They are industrious and sober and have the greatest respect for my husband. Our life for the future may seem strange to one who does not know the Winnebagos, but I expect it to be a happy one. The children are wild with delight at the idea of once more seeing their friends in the tribe." The writer of this note recalls the visitors of his childhood in the log house in the clearing and sends his greeting to the Winnebagos, and UNITY hails and welcomes the new chief, "White Buffalo." May the Druid inheritance in his blood make him again a gentle and wise oracle to those who gather in council under the shade of the American oak.

The Boston Congress.

Our readers have been anxiously waiting for further news of the Boston meeting, but they have already understood the situation which is thus tersely put in a letter from Dr. Janes of Cambridge, chairman of the local committee, just received:

"I am just out of the woods, so to speak; shall put myself into communication with the members of the Congress committee as soon as possible. Everyone, like myself, has been absent for the last two months, and concerted action has not been possible. We will get together soon and push matters at our end. Few of the university men are home yet. They leave a week or so later. I am sorry I can give you nothing but this promise to-day, but it may be a satisfaction to you to know that we are on hand and all ready for work."

Notwithstanding the vacation distractions, the correspondence of the general secretary has been wide, and while it has developed forcibly the tremendous preoccupation of the prominent leaders of thought in this country and the fact that very many of them are so hopelessly enmeshed in other engagements that it will be impossible for them to be present at Boston, the correspondence has also developed to a gratifying degree the widespread sympathy and hearty indorsement of these same leaders. We will not be discourteous to our correspondents or run the risk of awakening hopes that cannot be realized by anticipating our correspondence, but we can announce that the opening sermon is to be given by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton of New York, and that his subject will be "The One Religion of the Soul; A Study in Sacred Symbolism." The whole discussion of the congress will center about the thought of the Unity of the Spirit or the unifying forces of the day. Among the topics likely to be proposed for discussion are: "Humanity as a Spiritual Organism," "The Value of Diversity of Belief," "The Need of Historic Continuity in Times of Transition," "The Ideal Church as the Unifyer of the Community in Country and City," "Religious Forces Outside the Church; How to Foster and Develop." One session will be given to the setting forth of "The Positive Affirmations of the Various Religious Denominations," with a closing address on "The Underlying Basis of Religious Unity." It is hoped to give due attention to the sociological side of religion, the growth of the corporate conscience. Among those who have been compelled to decline on account of external circumstances, but who have expressed their profound and hearty sympathy with the congress, have been the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke of New York, President Seth Low of Columbia College and others. Dr. Rush Rees, the president-elect of Rochester University, has helped by valuable suggestions.

Dr. H. P. Faunce, the new president of Brown University, writes:

"I am glad you are to have the meeting of the Liberal Congress so near me this year. I should be pleased to make an address on some special subject if I had the time for it, but I am overwhelmed with the administrative duties of my new position, and cannot accept any more engagements for set addresses this fall, but I shall be glad to speak for the Baptists at the evening fellowship meeting. Faithfully yours."

Prof. Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, writes:

"I very much wish that I could accept your kind invitation, but again find that I have promised all the work which I can possibly do for some time to come."

Rev. Dr. David H. Greer of New York City, says:

"I regret exceedingly that I cannot accept your kind invitation to be present at the coming Congress of Religion, as I have to be at a meeting of our own Church Congress at St. Paul during the same week. Regretting my inability to accept, believe me. Very sincerely yours."

President W. J. Tucker, of Dartmouth College, writes:

"I am very sorry that I must run counter to your very kind and urgent request, but I cannot see other way. I very much wish it was otherwise."

C. C. Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School:

"I thank you for the invitation. I am very sorry that I find myself unable to accept it. Both the occasion and the suggested topic are very attractive to me."

Lyman Abbott writes:

"I thank you for your invitation which has been forwarded to me here in Maine, but my engagements are already made and forbid my making any more at present."

Rev. Josiah L. Strong, president of the League for Social Service, with headquarters at No. 105 East Twenty-second street, New York City, writes:

"Your kind letter at hand. I sympathize fully and warmly with the things your Congress has in view, but when a man's time is mortgaged for all it is worth, it is hardly honest to

put another mortgage on it. You will see by the inclosed leaflet that the League has accepted the invitation of the government to prepare an exhibit for social economy in this country to be shown at the Paris Exposition, which is a block of work so large and exacting and the time for executing it so short that I do not dare to accept your kind invitation. I wish the undertaking great success."

Prof. John Graham Brooks of Harvard:

"I am sorry enough to fail you in this invitation you are good enough to send, but I will not be within reach at that time."

Hon. S. M. Jones, mayor of Toledo:

"I cannot say at present whether I shall be able to accept or not. If it is any way possible I shall be only too glad to be with you. I would much like to mingle with the great souls that compose your company."

These are but sample words that have been coming to the general secretary almost daily during his retreat at Tower Hill, from which he emerges this week. Now, in connection with his eastern associates on the committee, he will apply himself with increased energy to the program of the congress, which all this while has been slowly but surely ripening. Meanwhile, let those who believe this work is worth doing and hope for its success save themselves from the paralysis that comes from indolently looking on, and give themselves with the joy and the strength of lending a hand to help create the forces they wait for and to be a part of the energy they wait for.

Should anyone ask, "How can I help," the very question is an arraignment, for the earnest soul finds a way. If possible, make your plans to go to Boston and write the general secretary so. If not, send your annual membership or life membership, or if you are much favored in life, your hundred dollars or more, to help get others there and publish the word after it is spoken. But it is not for us to point the way, but we would if we could help generate the purpose that will find the way or make one. Let the cry be ON TO BOSTON!

Vacation Resolves for a Church.

In the suspension of church activities and the absence of our minister incident to the summer vacation, we have been compelled to realize how much would be taken out of our lives if we were to be permanently deprived of the privileges which have been temporarily suspended. Even leisure and the pleasures of sociability, though they rise to conviviality and hilarity, fail to bring rest or renewal when these are not sanctified with intervals of thoughtfulness and excursions into the quiet, where thoughts of the eternal brood and solemn responsibilities dwell. In this vacation quiet we have had an opportunity of realizing how unkind and ungenerous is the attitude of the church attendant who seeks to get as much as possible and to give as little as possible; who undertakes to put the privileges of the church on the same bargaining footing as the commercial competitive laws of "sell at the highest and buy at the cheapest market." Even in the commercial world these laws seem to be breaking down. From their sheer selfishness they are inadequate to the higher interests and demands of our complex civilization. How much more inadequate are they when applied to the life and activities of that organization that seeks to represent the universal truths and permanent interests of the soul.

In view of this we are resolved, at the beginning of another year's activity, to deal more generously with those forces that generate generosity. We will not try to "muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," make sordid the administration that seeks to ameliorate the sordidness of the world. As a church we will try to help our minister to keep to his best; we will so relate ourselves to him that we may profit by his mind's maximum, relieving him from the fret and friction that come from a halting, uncertain or inadequate salary. We are resolved, also, to remember more persistently the truth we always profess, that there is no vicariousness possible in the ministries of religion. Our pastor cannot think or act for us. We must be co-workers with him. We will relieve him from the social exactions that divert his time and strength from the larger tasks. We will try to remember that he and the church are not private luxuries which we bargain with for our own advantage or enjoyment, but rather an instrument with which we can better do the work of the world. In and through the church we belong to the community, consequently we will try and minimize our denominational rivalries and sectarian differences. If our chief stock in trade and reason for being are found in the peculiarities of our creed, the distinctive dogmas in our philosophical and theological scheme of being, perhaps it is our duty to give over our life and reinvest our religious energies in a church that will represent the spiritual needs and the ethical interests of the whole community.

In our desire to become a social power in the community we will not forget that the ethical and intellectual needs of ourselves and others are more in danger of being neglected and that it is more peculiarly the prerogative of the church to guard these. We will not ask our minister always to agree with us, preferring to have a living mind with a difference than a dead or dying one with a uniformity.

While seeking to increase our power and to enlarge our work we will be less willing than ever to sacrifice quality to quantity or to measure the power of our preacher by the size of his congregation or the value of a member by his money contribution. We also resolve to work more for our children, to make the Sunday a more powerful factor in their life; to use it and the church for their mental enlightenment, as well as their moral development, if, indeed, the two are not inseparably connected. We will try to make the church not an incident or an accident in their life, but a permanent element, an indispensable factor in their development.

And, again, we will try to remember that the church is the most universal of organizations as it is the most lasting. With the help of our minister we hope to ally ourselves to the larger forces and the broader interests. Whatever our denominational descent or name may be we will strive to make it a fragment of the holy catholic church. It should be a spiritual chapel, belonging to the great cathedral of the human soul. Its value to us lies in the fact that it deals with the eternities rather than the temporalities. In short, we will try so to live in and for our church this year that we may not be ashamed to ask its ministrations and consolations when the great events of life o'ertake us. We will

try to save our minister from the humiliating reflection that he is chiefly valuable to us when we come to our marriage and funeral occasions. We will try not to waste our first-rate interests and energies on the second-rate activities of society.

We will further grant to our minister so much confidence, respect and authority as he may win by virtue of the specializations of his life. We will expect him to lead us into new thought, to give us the result of later scholarship and to help us out of the traditions and doctrines once vital but now inadequate to the growing thought and broader needs of man. We will more frankly heed the cry in our own soul that calls for the living God, the sense of the divine in things near. On Sunday we will lend ourselves to the ministration of hymn, scripture and prayer as well as to the sermon, and seek to fit the new thought to the old reverences, to save the spirit of worship in the broader light of the newer science.

If as the year advances our interest in the church lags and the old reluctance to pay out of our time and out of our lives for those higher things, we will try to remember that it is because we have been disloyal to our better resolutions and that we have once more been caught in the poor business methods of expecting large returns for small investments instead of following the law of the higher economics, which tells us that God has so ordered the world that He gives us nothing for nothing; that we live in a universe where everything has its price, every good thing has its high price and every best thing has its highest price. We mean to deal at the counter where these last wares are to be found.

A young student at one of the large art institutions decided this winter to try for a prize. He was under twenty, and his competitors were all older than he. He wrote his mother about it, begging her to come and pose for him, saying that he knew he could win if only she were his subject. She had a large family at home to look after, and a small baby hardly two months old. Moreover, the spring had come, never an easy time for a mother to break away, pick up a small baby, and establish herself alone in a distant town, merely to sit as a model for her son. Most women would have hesitated, hoped-for prizes being uncertain qualities, particularly for boys still in their teens, and present home duties being, according to all rules of logic, paramount. But this mother did not hesitate. Her son had asked her to come, and so proved a rare loyalty. That was enough for her. At great inconvenience to herself she went, though cheerfully, and the picture was painted. Now the papers announce that the young boy painter has won the prize! This will send him for a two years' course of study in Paris. This is like some old story of the masters, and certainly few sweeter stories of painters and their mothers have ever been told.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Could we by a wish
Have what we will and get the future now,
Would we wish aught done undone in the past?
So, let us wait God's instant men call years;
Meanwhile hold hard by truth, and all great souls,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone,
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by

—*Robert Browning.*

Anthropological Notes.

Congresses at the Paris Exposition.—The French government is preparing for the series of congresses to be held next year. The plans are under the direction of the Minister of Commerce, Industry, Postal Service and Telegraphs. Details of organization are left to committees of specialists. Three of these congresses are of especial interest to the anthropologist—those of Psychology, History of Religions, and Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology. The International Congress of Psychology is the fourth of its kind. The preceding were held at Paris in 1889, London in 1892 and Munich in 1896. They have been highly successful. The one now planned will be held from August 20 to 25 inclusive. Th. Ribot and Pierre Janet are the President and Secretary of the Committee of Organization. The work of the Congress is subdivided and special committee members are appointed for seven sections. The International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology, will be the twelfth of a remarkable series, begun at Neufchatel in 1866. The other places of meeting were Paris, Norwich, Copenhagen, Bologna, Brussels, Stockholm, Buda Pesth, Lisbon and Moscow. The sessions have always been brilliantly successful. Social attentions by rulers, local authorities and institutions have always been extended to the congresses and delightful and profitable excursions have been taken by them to places of archæological interest near the meeting place. The congress of 1900, under the Committee with Bertrand as President and Verneau as Secretary and including the most eminent French anthropologists, will probably equal its predecessors in interest and importance. It is held, unfortunately at the same time as the Congress of Psychology—August 20 to 25. The Congress of the Study of Religions will be held later—September 3 to 9. Its committee issues a considerable program wherein the field is divided into eight sections—1. Uncivilized religions: pre-Columbian American religions. 2. Religions of the Far East. 3. Religions of Egypt. 4. So-called Semitic religions. 5. Religions of India and Iran. 6. Religions of Greece and Rome. 7. Religions of Barbarian and Prehistoric Europe. 8. Christianity. The method of investgation is to be historical. An effort will be made to extend the teaching of the Science of Religions in institutions of higher learning. The President of the Committee is Prof. Reville, and many eminent names are associated with his in the list of members. This is the first congress of this sort in Europe and some uncertainty exists as to its method, complexion and outcome. Just how will a committee swing upon which are associated Bonet Maury, Baron Carra de Vaux and Anatole Leroy Beaulieu?

The Milwaukee Museum.—This museum is now installed—with the Public Library—in new quarters in a handsome and imposing stone building. It well deserves a visit. While, of course, there is room for continued development, the collections represent almost every field of science and are sufficiently extensive to serve an excellent purpose in public instruction. The collections occupy three floors. The lower floor is devoted to mammals and groups of birds. The mammalian series represents all the orders of the class by selected specimens. The anthropoid apes are fairly shown by actual specimens and by a series of plaster busts. The second floor is taken up with the collections of birds, reptiles, fishes, and invertebrates. The collection of birds shows the special ornithological study of the Curator, Mr. Henry Nehring. Among invertebrates, of practical interest is a small series illustrative of the life history of animals which undergo metamorphosis. The third floor is occupied by the collections in Geology, Mineralogy, Palæontology and Anthropology. The extent of the Anthropological Collections is considerable and augurs well for a great

future development. Eighteen wall cases are filled with the dress, ornaments, weapons and implements of modern Indians. Several cases of arms, fire-arms, lamps, tankards, instruments, etc,, largely from Germany, form the nucleus for a collection to illustrate European technology. Several cases contain objects from Northern Africa (Miller collection), Malaysia and China (Wildman collection), and Japan, India and China (Kiewert collection). Miss Plankinton displays a collection of Japanese and Corean musical instruments and the F. Mayer Company a series of "the shoes of all nations." A good beginning has been made in Archæology. Mr. Doerflinger has deposited a collection of European prehistoric objects filling five cases; there are some Egyptian and Roman antiquities; eight cases are filled with old relics from Arkansas mounds and later objects from New Mexican pueblos; Mr. Meinicke has presented a series of objects from Florida mounds. Best of all a number of cases are devoted to the Archæology of the State of Wisconsin. Among these local collections is a series purchased some years ago from Frederick S. Perkins, which contains many of the copper objects for which the State is famous. The Museum has done well; we wish it continued prosperity.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka's Investigations.—Dr. Hrdlicka has just printed a report of his anthropological investigations upon one thousand children, inmates of the New York Juvenile Asylum. It is both interesting and suggestive. The earnestness and devotion of Dr. Hrdlicka to his work deserve all praise. Still some feeling of dissatisfaction remains after reading his report. Twelve measures were made upon each child; each was also examined for the presence of abnormalities —(stigmata of degeneracy)—and tests were made of strength, lung and heart conditions, etc. Seven hundred boys and three hundred girls were examined—of whom sixty-six boys and twenty-six girls were colored. The ages of the subjects ranged from five to eighteen years. The results of the investigations are presented in ten sections, the most interesting of which are those dealing with physical differences between white and colored children, children with five or more physical abnormalities, children whose parents were intemperate, prostitutes, or criminals, and children, one of both of whose parents died of consumption. The simple enumeration of these titles shows that Dr. Hrdlicka has had a definite plan of work in view and also suggests the practical importance of his investigations. We have no space for fully discussing his conclusions. Persons interested can probably procure copies of the report from the asylum management.

We wish however that students of abnormalities might agree upon a nomenclature and definitions. In this institution, where the children are largely born of poor, depraved, vicious, criminal, insane, or consumptive parents we are informed from a careful listing, tabulation and investigation, that "the average proportion of abnormalities to the whole number of subjects with same were found to be as follows: proportion to each white boy 2.71; to each colored boy 2.60; to each white girl, 2.33; to each colored girl 2.05." Hrdlicka considers five abnormalities in one subject a large number. On the other hand Talbot, studying reformatory boys at Pontiac and Elmira finds fourteen stigmata of degeneracy in one and sixteen in the other, as the average occurrence, and assumes eight stigmata as a fair and reasonable number for normal persons. There can be little agreement between these gentlemen in their ideas of abnormality. What useful comparison can be made of their results?

Dr. Hrdlicka's statements are frequently confused. This may be partly due to lack of knowledge of English. He says: "The differences between the white and the colored children are not as well defined as they would be if we had sufficient numbers of the colored subjects." In the same paragraph he says: "The differences in the palate, which seem so apparent are chiefly due to the small number of the colored subjects." These statements hardly harmonize. What can this mean—"In white girls the proportion is 0.50 to each child or exactly one to each individual." Such statements will puzzle ordinary readers. It is too bad, too, to talk of "Smith's module," when "Schmidt's modulus" is meant, and to say bin-auricular for bi-auricular.

Dr. Hrdlicka's comparison of white and colored children is interesting. While many of his statements are trite and evident, some have novelty and importance. Thus—"In general the body of the negro child shows less adipose tissue and greater muscular development. The average strength in each arm as measured by the dynamometer is greater, not only at all ages of the colored children, but also when calculated in proportion to every pound of weight of the body."—"The negro boy is generally well built, lean, and muscular. The body . . . . is plastic, straight and symmetrical. His chest is a little deeper. The pelvis of the colored boy is more inclined and in consequence of this the lumbar curve is more pronounced and the buttocks more prominent." It will be interesting to see whether other investigations confirm these and other conclusions of Dr. Hrdlicka.

FREDERICK STARR.

"O Thou That Hearest Prayer."

As the babe's eager, searching lips imply
  The tender fountain of the mother's breast;
  As the seed's tiny bladelet, upward pressed,
Implies the sunshine and the o'er arching sky;
As hunger, food, its need to satisfy,
  As thirst the fountain answering to its quest,
  So doth the soul's deep longing and unrest
Imply a God that answers to its cry.

Oh, not into the insentient void of space
  Goes forth the soul's instinctive, longing sigh,
  Its cry for help, for succor in despair!
Though clouds and mystery conceal thy face,
  Thine ear is open and thy presence nigh
  To all who call, "O Thou That Hearest Prayer."

The Interior. —*Helen E. Starrett.*

A popular Englishman visiting this country says: The one drawback to American hospitality is that it is apt to be too profuse. I have more than once had to offer a mild protest against being entertained by a hard-working brother journalist on a scale that would have befitted a millionaire. The possibility of returning the compliment in kind affords the canny Scott but poor consolation. A dinner three times more lavish and expensive than you want is not sweetened by the thought that you may, in turn, give your host a dinner three times more expensive and lavish than he wants. Both parties, on this system, suffer in digestion and in pocket, while only Delmonico is the gainer. It seems to me, on the whole, that in this country the millionaire is too commonly allowed to fix the standard of expenditure. Society would not be less, but more, agreeable if, instead of always emulating the splendors of Lucullus, people now and then studied the art of Horatian frugality.

Many Americans who read this paragraph will agree with this comment, and wonder, as he does, why it is true. Its cause is found in the mistaken expression of the idea that every man is as good as his neighbor, and must prove it by living on the same scale as his neighbor, though the difference in incomes may be counted by thousands.—*The Outlook.*

Every hand is wanted in this world, that can do a little genuine, sincere work.

—*George Eliot.*

Good Poetry.

We Are the Music-Makers.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the Old of the New World's worth,
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

—*Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

The Haymakers' Song.

Here's to him that grows it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That lays it in and mows it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To him that mows and makes it,
That scatters it and shakes it,
That turns and teds and rakes it,
Clink, jugs, clink!

Now here's to him that stacks it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That thrashes and that tacks it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
That cuts it out for eating,
When March-dropped lambs are bleating,
And the slate-blue clouds are sleeting,
Drink, lads, drink!

And here's to thane and yeoman,
Drink, lads, drink!
To horseman and to bowman,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To lofty and to low man,
Who bears a grudge to no man,
But flinches from no foeman,
Drink, lads, drink!

—*Alfred Austin.*

Dusk.

The frightened herds of clouds across the sky
Trample the sunshine down, and chase the day
Into the dusky forest lands of gray
And sombre twilight. Far, and faint, and high,
The wild goose trails his barrow, with a cry
Sad as the wail of some poor castaway
Who sees a vessel drifting far astray
Of his last hope, and lays him down to die.

The children, riotous from school, grow bold,
And quarrel with the wind whose angry gust
Plucks off the summer-hat, and flaps the fold
Of many a crimson cloak, and twirls the dust
In spiral shapes grotesque, and dims the gold
Of gleaming tresses with the blur of rust.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

I conceived of life that way,
And still declare—life, without absolute use
Of the actual sweet therein, is death, not life.—

—*Robert Browning.*

The Pulpit.

Religious Authority.

A Discourse to the Unitarian Church at Austin, Texas, by E. M. Wheelock, Minister.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."—Romans xiv.

Human life is like the sea. It is ever-changing; never at rest. Even when the surface seems placid and smooth, the great undercurrents are in endless motion. Storms and calms forever alternate. Contending billows and serene peace follow each other, as the silence of the night follows the noise and bustle of the day. So life goes on, thought grows, civilization advances, history is written and the eternal is slowly revealed.

Nothing escapes the transforming touch of time. Law, art, industry, politics, science, theology, everything must submit to the test of experience, the scrutiny of reason and the judgment of history. All things have their judgment days. It is the divine method. The false perishes, the true survives and humanity climbs upward toward the beckoning ideal of perfection! Those who believe in a living God must be glad that we are not to camp forever in the tents of antiquity, but are to march on and on toward the golden city of the sun! These modern days are days of judgment. The time-spirit is abroad. The torch of intelligence is firmly grasped by an awakened mankind. The judge has entered the state and the church, social life and religion; and sacred and secular, old and new are summoned to the bar of truth to show cause why and for what they are here. It is a bad day for venerable pretensions. It is an hour of doom for old shams; but a red-letter day for reality and a resurrection morning for all things honest, good and true.

This judicial attitude of the modern mind is no strange phenomenon in history. Periods of doubt and seasons of faith, years of reform and eras of stagnation succeed each other with a regularity as steady as the ebb and flow of the tides. Far back in Hebrew history one man, the patriarch Abraham, stood up in the might of his new vision of the eternal, and passed judgment upon the coarse idolatries and stale superstitions and falsehoods of his time. He broke the old idols with the hammer of common sense. He flung off the artificial authority of custom, priestcraft and creed. He welcomed the new light of a sweeter and nobler faith and went bravely to work to lay the deep foundations of a religion that has helped men onward and upward for centuries. Every true Hebrew and every true Christian looks to that inspired thinker and leader with gratitude.

He was followed by others—by a long line of seers and prophets, extending through a course of centuries from Moses to Malachi. It was the glory of the Israelitish people that it had within itself the force to send out from time to time precocious shoots of spiritual intelligence far above the common level of the nation; men with a vision into the future, with ears open to the eternal word of truth, and whose voice compelled the loyalty and obedience of the people. These, the Hebrew prophets, led on the nation, age after age, each adding something to the national belief, each seeking to hold it loyal to the divine spark—the genius for religion—which distinguished the race. From day to day, as the exigencies of the moment demanded, these men went up into the presence of the divine truth and received fresh direction for the guidance of the people, and whenever the messages failed to come the children of Israel were in despair. They were not able to live upon past revelations, but must have new ones ever coming. Their prayer was "Give us each day our spiritual bread." This was the Hebrew theocracy and the idea at the bottom of it is the idea at the bottom

of all forms of religion, namely, that God speaks to and guides His children through superior minds, oracles, seers, poets, sages and prophets, who, by their pure, humble and devoted lives attain to the vision of spiritual truth and can give it forth for the instruction of the people.

But as time went on prophets arose no more, the priests, who were their eternal enemies, killed them all. Their lineage died out. There was no one to give a message of to-day. All revelation was in the past tense—a thing of dead, dusty tradition; not a living word of God in the now. Terrified that the voice of the prophets sounded no more, the people caught at the echo of the past voices, confused, indistinct and dying. Moses the man, once the living, present and inspired leader, faded out into a ghost of the past, his name a word for priests to juggle with, all the substance and vitality escaped from his precepts and naught left but the empty ceremonies and forms which the priests for centuries substituted for the law of practical daily righteousness. At last the people lost even the sense of expectancy of a new spiritual message. Their belief became fixed and incapable of farther growth. If a man appeared speaking aught that was new, if he professed to utter a message that was higher than the olden law, he was called a false prophet, a blasphemer, and must die. Thus was born outward authority in religion. It was born of spiritual death. It brings death to all who receive it.

Then rose up a prophet mightier than Moses. Christ came—filled with a message fresh from the heart of the infinite. Religion grew in Him as grows the grass. His teaching was as natural as the rustling of the olive leaves on their sacred mountains, as gentle as the murmur of the waves on the shore of the sea of Galilee, as winning and inspiring as a song from heaven. He taught no creed. He advocated no church. He preached only one thing—that men should open their hearts and let the spirit of the heavenly Father flow in and purify and possess them utterly. He announced again the vital things of justice and righteousness which the priests had covered over and buried with pretenses and forms, and He leavened His thought all through with the newer doctrines of love and mercy—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He strove to reawaken the slumbering moral sense; to make the voice of God speaking in men's souls heard above the din of long public prayers and pharisaic devotion. Creeds and forms He trod under His feet. Never was there so daring an iconoclast. "Ye have heard it said by them of olden time," so and so; "but I say unto you"—otherwise. Never did a man so spurn the claim of any authority in religion, and so honor His own inner sense of truth and right as did this despised and rejected peasant of Galilee. Things which were new and strange to the people He believed and taught with all the ardor of His pure and lofty soul. He flamed with a holy enthusiasm for man and an infinite confidence in God. More than the power of truth He taught, was the power of the truth He lived; and it was forever and forever upon the life He insisted, with never a word of inquiry into the beliefs of men.

As truth teaches best by example, in the body of the peasant Teacher spiritual health stood apparent in health organism. The holiness of the spirit came forth radiant, sweet and attractive in such holy health of nature that the emanations from its presence were wafted forth to the people in atmospheres of love, healing and immortality. His senses were made channels for the divine sensations to penetrate to the sick, the sorrowful and the dying, and in the radiant presence of His personality, men declared, in their vivid eastern phrase, that "God was manifested in the flesh." For here was a youth like an Aryan god, like a Grecian Apollo in beauty of person, romance of sentiment and poetry of diction; near to the lilies at His feet, near to the sun above His head; in whom the spring seemed to breathe its sweets and the summer to pour forth its blessings; one wholly unlike their traditional idea of prophet, Messiah or king, a vast enigma to their minds. As He moved more and more out of the shadow of their gloomy belief, the sunshine in His eyes dazzled them; the triumph, the transport, the exultation, the affluence of His march through the land, drew them as willing captives in His train. Hearts kindled as the prairies break to fire when the chance spark is fanned by the autumnal whirlwinds. From His hand fell mercy's benedictive rain, making a spring below where all was winter yet. He folded the swarm of victims to His life, the halt, lame, blind and leprous. He sought to raise the life from nature's frozen floor; for man was built to show divinity in time. The king of men, His scepter was a reed. He came into His own; they knew Him not. He found upon the planet's breast no spot to lay His head—only a burial tomb. Men cursed, He blessed; men cursed, He blessed the more.

He sought to awaken the social spirit of the race of man from her long sleep. How His words stirred the world! Jewish rabbis, simple fisher folks, Greek sages and thinkers, Roman soldiers, skilled lawyers, men, women and children, the weak and the strong, the glad and the sorrow-laden, the great weary heart of humanity was stirred to its depths. The world took on a new aspect. Hope was reborn. Divinity was led forth by innocence. Life was changed, lifted up, purified and God was no longer a frowning, far-away king, but a present help and strength to each seeking soul. But soon the glory of that high evangel was dimmed. The voice that spake as man never spake before was silenced. He was led to the cross and priest and scribe triumphed over the Nazarene. That earth-shaking voice seems only ancient echo now. Few of His words survive, those few men but mistrace; and as the ears of the people grew deaf to the winning accents of that heavenly voice, again the church of God fell into the hands of pedants, creedmakers and theologians. Instead of seeking to be animated by the loving, unselfish spirit of Jesus, which would have kept Him ever near and real to man, they busied themselves in building on elaborate theories about Jesus—as if hungry men could be fed, not by giving them food, but by writing learned essays about the various kinds of food.

Again all revelation is in the past tense. Men, when they want to know what God says, must go back some 2,000 years to find out. Deity is supposed to have stopped speaking to man long ago, and for any man of to-day to presume to teach in the name of the present and living God of the nineteenth century, is to utter blasphemy. All the various striving sects of Christendom, all the religious wars and oppressions that have disgraced its annals, all that has made religion a reproach in the eyes of infidels, all that paralyzes the triumphant movement of spiritual truth, is the endless insistence upon belief—belief about Jesus, about His nature and office and attributes. Is He man or is He God; or is He God-man or is He man-God? or similar conundrums; instead of insisting first, last and only upon loyalty to the sacred and eternal things which Jesus and all true prophets have taught—justice, truth, mercy, love, unselfishness and purity of heart and life. That was all. Jesus never commanded anyone to believe any formal propositions about himself. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another." All His blessings were pronounced upon those whose affections were right—the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the meek, those who hunger and thrist after righteousness; not upon those who profess belief in the creeds and catechisms of men. No man who has not strangled reason and common

sense in his religious nature dares to assume that he has attained unto all spiritual truth and knowledge. He knows that each age, each day, even, reveals new truth in science; and he knows that religion has been continually spiritualized and purified by the progress of the ages; why shall the future reveal nothing to him? Why shall he assume that all revelation is a thing of the past? He refuses to assume anything of the sort, and so his creed, whatever it is, is a simple statement of how far he has progressed up to date. He believes in the spiritual evolution of humanity—that the spirit of God is abroad in the hearts of men now, as much as in any past time, and he holds his belief as he does his railway ticket on which is stamped, "good for this day only."

There is no outward standard of authority in religion; no absolute tribunal; no infallible scripture; no certified doctrine; no final word. The sole arbiter is reason; the only prophet insight. The "Divine Word" in the old beliefs is the Bible, but the true Bible is the universe. The note of authority in religion is gone from our modern world, and vain are all the attempts of the priesthood to coax it back by ecclesiastical pretensions and theological sophistry. Such methods will never call back the lost chord of divine power. The priest and the Christ are now and always at war. Life only can impart life, and we must share the present life of God and feel the power of the inward, spiritual and living Christ, if we would recover the tone and temper of that lost age. Men tire of the fictioned Christus of the creeds, made only for a Sunday show, where priests display and wealth enlarges, while minds darken and spirits die! The God that men need now must be not first, but nineteenth century; man in the neighbor must his God possess.

It is too late in the day to find the authority for our religious life or belief in any church, creed or book. Man is before all institutions and firms. The search for an infallible authority in religion is a fruitless quest. There is no such infallible authority to be discovered. It is a will-o'-the-wisp. God only is the infallible. Churches, scriptures, creeds, religions were not miraculously let down out of heaven; not a bit of it. They grew upon this earth, as the weeds and the flowers grow, amid natural and historic conditions. Our divinest treasures come to us and must always come in earthen vessels. The infinite is shown through the finite, and the divine life can only reveal itself to us through the medium of finite and imperfect channels. God comes to man only through man. In heaven's arithmetic those two are one. There is no secret and exclusive pathway to heaven in the keeping of priesthoods and of self-constituted ecclesiastical authorities. Whosoever wills to come may come, and however high he may climb on Jacob's ladder, he will always find the end of it resting on the common earth of man!

The search of some authority which will release us from the exercise of our own reason and conscience is a search for the impossible. God is here or He is nowhere, and we carry our own heaven or hell within us. Wherever we may be and however situated, we are dwelling in the fathomless element of divine being, which is the only absolute life in the universe. Wherever that life of God manifests itself, there is authority; be it in the songs of the Salvation Army, in the prayers of a good Jesuit or the devout silence of the Quaker. Every church has just as much authority as it has truth —not an atom more. There is no authority higher than truth.

It is the life of God within us that gives us power, and the life is as wide and deep as the needs of man. It cannot be patented, or shut up in the keeping of any churchly corporation or bench of bishops, nor can it be squeezed into any sacrament, rite, catechism or creed. God is the God of the living, and we must nourish our spiritual life on the words He is speaking to us now, not vainly try to live on the echo of words He spoke to men dead centuries ago. If we cannot find God in the present—cannot find Him in the struggles and efforts and aspirations of this modern world—in the man or woman who is bravely bearing the heat and burden of the day at our side and striving to live a clean, honest, unselfish, humble, Christlike life—if we cannot find God right here in our homes and on our streets, then we shall never find Him on any dim Sinai or on distant Calvary. The pentecostal tongue of fire must rest on our heads and we must have the witness of the spirit in our own souls. Without this inward witness the record of past revelations are only puzzles for dogmatists, texts for priests and material for endless and fruitless theological dispute.

The surest way to find God is to find ourselves. God is not lost, but the human family is lost in the wilderness of its own ignorance, and wastes its time grinding out thoughts eighteen hundred years old. If God is, as they say, unchangeable, and no respecter of persons, why cannot men get counsel from Him now as well as they did eighteen centuries ago? Has God withdrawn Himself from men and left them to wrangle over a book called the Bible? A book that none can tell by whom or when it was written, and that has several hundred sects and denominations all differing as to its meaning? Each sect has got its creed-harnessed hobby horse hitched to its special cushioned chariot, and is on its way to its imagined heaven; all have a free ride and expect to enter the Celestial city on a ticket of faith given to them by an agent of their creed. But the old-time authority and harmony have fled. Authority in religion does not reside in scriptures, churches, priesthoods, creeds or formulas. It can live and show itself in persons only. God and the soul—these are the only authorities, and these are enough. Whatever authority is now blindly and mistakenly attributed to churches and scriptures always first resided in a person—always first in a person. All truth, all righteousness, all love, must come from persons, and without men and women quickened and alive with their power and zealous to impart them to others, those qualities are dead. So we come back to this: Religion is life. As much of the divine life as we possess, so much authority do we have—no more. He is the best authority in religion who most perfectly manifests the life of God as it shone in the face of His well beloved Son, our elder brother. All things have an end—all except God and the soul. These live and shall live, these have immortality. Sooner than we think the curtain is rung down on all the tragedies and comedies of our human life. The lights of time flash and go out, then nothing remains—nothing but the character we have builded. God help us all to build wisely, so that when the last of earth comes to us we may stand on foundations that can not be moved.

Does it ever occur to us that God has some rights; that He has the rights of a father, desiring His child's infinite welfare? He is not intrusive. He desires to be sought. He seeks to dwell within us as the Infinite Human as well as Divine. He cares nothing for our beliefs, our childish notions and doctrines, but He is the Universal Adaptation—the universal supply to every soul-want. Silence, not words, is His unspoken revelation. Sink into the fathomless abyss of his love and the soul comes forth with the Everlasting Father's blessing upon it—with new life, new hope and energy to discharge that supreme thing—duty!

Forget.

"Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself."
—*Professor Drummond.*

The Study Table.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

We have just laid down, having finished its perusal, the first volume of that superb literary work, "The American Revolution," by Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Americans owe the author a great debt of gratitude for this masterly account of the revolution, which not only gave freedom to America, but established the idea of government by the people as a world principle. No American author has approached Mr. Trevelyan in the power of handling this great topic, from even the American side. Certainly no one has been able to open before us the English side, and portray the development of that rank personal government, which, in spite of Burke and Fox and Barre and Pitt, brought about the revolt of the English colonies, and broke up the British empire. Every page contains a picture that will strike the reader as eminently a work of power. His description of Washington is, I think, the best contained in history. But we shall find Mr. Trevelyan most of all useful in showing to the world that the American revolution was not in the interest simply of the Colonies, but of freedom in England as well. It would be a delight to quote passage after passage, but where would be the use, for few books have been produced during the last ten years so thoroughly quotable from beginning to end. The last paragraph of this the first volume tells us that "England had never reaped so little glory or advantage, from so great an expenditure of money, and after so much preliminary swagger, on the part not of the people who were to pay or the soldiers who were to fight, but of the statesmen who had already begun to blunder. George III had at length accomplished his purpose. He had rooted out frankness, courage and independence from the councils of England, but he had pulled up along with them other qualities which his policy, when brought to a trial, could not afford to dispense with. His cabinet was now exclusively composed of men willing to pursue ends which he dictated, but incapable of discerning or rightly directing, the means by which alone those ends could be attained." This work is publishel by Longmans, Green & Co.

"The Victory of the Will," by Victor Charbonnel, published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, is a French production of considerable power. Yet there is about the whole book a certain flavor of egotism which prevents us absolutely from placing it where the writer of the introduction wishes us to place it, with the works of Emerson. It is preceded by a peculiarly rambling introduction, written by Lillian Whiting, which is a curious piece of work, giving us a good deal of Mrs. Eddy, sandwiched with Emerson, Henry James, Tyndall, Tolstoi and Lord Kelvin. It is a mess of undigested material unworthy of seeing the light of day. Not a doubt is expressed but that "A battery planted on New York harbor will destroy a ship on Southampton." The key of the whole work, apart from the introduction, is that every man should be himself —creating his own character from the inner life that God has given him. "This mystical faith in the beauty, grandeur and inner wealth of every soul, even the most humble," is a valuable lesson. However, it is not probable that American readers as a whole will get much good by a perusal of the book.

Along with the "New England Magazine," which gives us as its leading article "The International Peace Conference," we have on the table a copy of "The Present Crisis," by the editor, Edwin D. Mead. This is a vigorous arraignment of the expansion policy of the American people. It quotes freely from our prince of egotists, Mr. Achinson, and is largely a misdirection of genius. Yet it is a masterly statement from the non-expansion standpoint. We particularly note its value from its omission of such epithets as Hell, War and Damnation.

On the Table there is a sample copy of "Mind," a journal of metaphysics, psychology and occultism. A good deal in this magazine is of sterling worth, especially the work of Henry Wood and Horatio W. Dresser. However, we are getting to a feeling of dread at the very word psychology; the age is psychologically mad.

Our friend Rev. Frank E. Kittredge sends us a copy of "The Man With a Branded Hand," an authentic sketch of the life and services of Captain Jonathan Walker. The little volume contains portraits and illustrations and a brief history of the Douglass monument erected at Rochester, N. Y. Among the pictures of our glorious anti-slavery friends are those of Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Fred. Douglass and J. G. Whittier—all of them most admirable portraits. There is also a lithograph of Lincoln which is not so good. Send to Mr. Kittredge and secure a copy. Price in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, $1.00.

The American people owes a debt which it hardly realizes to the "Atlantic Monthly." This monthly set the standard for current literature in the United States so high that it was impossible it should ever degenerate. It took American genius at its very best and made it the American ideal. This monthly could never have been originated at any other point in the world than Boston—wisely it has retained its publication in that city. It has, however, while creating an American standard, not failed to widen out and absorb into its pages the best genius of all sections. Notwithstanding the unequaled development of American magazine literature the "Atlantic" has kept itself at the head. It embodies, as no other magazine does, the elements of the quarterly and the monthly. Its leading articles are weighty, critical and of permanent value, while its lighter articles include the very best essays and short stories produced in America. The September number gives us a remarkably good article on the "Germans and the Americans," the "Mission of Humor" and "Criticism and the Man."

The August "American Monthly" is devoted to the "Cup Race for 1899," "Education in the South," "The Present and Future of the Horse" and the "Alaskan Boundary Dispute." It discusses with remarkable vigor the civil service question, the censorship at Manila, the automobile and the growing rivalry of free government, as developing in the United States, and autocracy as unfolded in Russia. A feature of this monthly to which I have seldom called attention, is the fact that it gives us in a compact form a very excellent review of recent American publications. These, while brief, are generally clear, just and to the point.

The "Coming Age" holds its own grandly. Mr. Fowler has given us one article in the August number, by Prof. Dolbear, which would well repay the cost of the magazine for a year. We have not one scientist living who rivals Prof. Dolbear in his capacity for clearly stating the facts of science and their bearing on religious thought and character.

John Ruskin.*

"John Ruskin: Social Reformer," is the simple but sufficient title of a volume in exposition of Mr. Ruskin's social teachings, written by J. A. Hobson, who is well known as an economist of the newer school. Of this volume it may be said at once that it is the ablest and most complete statement that has yet been made regarding Ruskin's life-process, the order of his ideas, the significance of his message, and the errors of his judgment. Mr. Hobson is at once sympathetic in his attitude and critical. He believes that Ruskin is "the greatest social teacher of his age" and that he "has succeeded in telling our age more of the truths it most requires to know than any other man." But he is not blind to the frequent departures Ruskin made from true social theory, to his exaggerations, his mere rhetorical effects, an occasional waywardness of reasoning, distortion due to too great emphasis of the moral and deistic point of view, his mediæval attitude toward women, his failure to give full credit to the work of the machine, his failure to accept the teaching of evolution, his general harshness toward science, and, greatest of errors, his repudiation of democratic ideas and institutions. In spite of inconsistencies, Mr. Ruskin accomplished one true line of argument, and the main part of Mr. Hobson's book is devoted to a statement and vindication of Ruskin's "claim to have placed political economy upon a sounder scientific and ethical foundation than it had hitherto possessed, and to have built upon that foundation an ideal of prosperous human society." That economy which simply counts up monetary profit and loss Ruskin very appropriately calls mercantile economy. An economy that looks to human and social ends, to the improvement of souls, insists upon the importance of consumption as against production and exchange, defines "wealth" in terms of human life, "value" as power to sustain life," "the intrinsic service a thing is capable of yielding by its right use," "cost" as that which involves the expense of energy and brings to death. Mr. Ruskin's work in the economic field has been, in short, to humanize and moralize a science that was being employed more and more to examine and classify materials and objects.

This purpose of humanization furnishes a sufficient explanation of what severer economists call "sentimentality" in Ruskin. His plea was not to the mere intelligence, but he wanted to arouse the emotion of reverence, the feeling after truth, the sense of beauty. To this end he was wayward, played with his subject in other than logical manner, lavished splendid rhetoric and word-painting. And in this he was right. The world understands that social feeling and imagination as well as economic logic must be brought into use if right ideas concerning the social order are to be entertained. The feeling of the present reviewer is that Ruskin was not imaginative enough, that his rhetoric, seemingly sincere, is only artificial and not deep, that a truer poetic insight would have enabled him to discern the world-force playing through the social system. He was as imaginatively defective as Carlyle in his treatment of democracy. And a deeper feeling on his own part might have brought him into line with the evolutionary movement. As it is Ruskin is greatest as a social thinker and least as a constructive politician.

This judgment takes no account of Ruskin as an art critic and interpreter of nature. Mr. Hobson contents himself with pointing out the formative influences in his early life and the development of his interests from nature through art to society—a growth quite closely paralleled by that of William Morris. It is said that Mr. Ruskin, in his old age at Brantwood, reverts to his enjoyment of nature and art and is careless of the progress of his social ideas or the success of his own experiments in the new industrialism; but the world, once enamored of his fine writings, is now paying heed to the work of "Ruskin: Social Reformer." And here, doubtless, the interest of the future will abide. Mr. Morris used to be surprised at finding such a hearty feeling toward Ruskin among working class audiences; he explained this by saying: "They see the prophet in him rather than the faultless rhetorician, as more superfine audiences do."

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

*"John Ruskin, Social Reformer." By J. A. Hobson. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

The Appeal to Biology.*

That Prof. Mackintosh should have chosen Kidd for the *terminus ad quem* of his discussion seems too flattering, but the reader finds the superficial compliment seriously qualified by the treatment to which Kidd is subjected in due course. The book is made up substantially of two years' lectures to a senior class. They have been carefully revised and have received important additions. They constitute a running criticism on the leading systems of ethics that have been published from Comte to Kidd. After Comte's we have Darwin's and Spencer's; then Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Science of Ethics," Miss Cobbe's "Darwinism in Morals," "Bagehot's "Physics and Politics," Prof. Alexander's "Moral Order and Progress," and so on. We are glad to have attention called to the last named book, which, in its day, impressed us as decidedly significant, and to have Bagehot's remarkable book rated so high. Kidd's apparent ignorance of Bagehot's book, so much more fruitful and suggestive than his own, upon a line on which he (Kidd) imagined himself a pioneer, was only one of many indications of his conspicuous superficiality. Prof. Mackintosh's appreciation of Prof. Alexander's book is less cordial than one would expect, so intent was it on exhibiting Hegel and Darwin as opposite sides of the same shield. Drummond's "Natural Law" and his "Ascent of Man" come in for some good criticism. So do such ultra reiterations of Darwin as those of Weismann and Sutherland and Kidd. But the trouble with Prof. Mackintosh's book is that it is almost entirely negative. He is fairly sound in his contention that biology does not furnish us with moral guidance. (Why should we expect it to do so?) But for his own opinion—that "the decisive factors in progress are moral," and that "in Christ alone we have the pledge of the human world's fulfilling its destiny"—we have nothing but a mere assertion, as he bows himself out on the last page. We desire, moreover, to enter a protest against the assumption that the value of the various theorists from Comte to Kidd is to be measured by their ability to meet the standard by which Prof. Mackintosh has measured them.

J. W. C.

*From Comte to Benjamin Kidd The Appeal to Biology or Evolution for Human Guidance. By Robert Mackintosh, B. D., D. D., Professor at Lancashire Independent College.

My Creed.

I have no faith; but this one fact I find.
That love is growing lovelier every day;
What we call sin is what it leaves behind.
What we call good attracts it on its way.

I have no hope; with God's love in my heart,
What is a selfish loss to care about?
If in the world I've played my little part,
Let him who lit the candle put it out.

I have no creed but love; is there a hell
Where some poor tortured thing cries out in pain?
Then let me take his hand and wish him well,
And wait until he finds his heaven again.

—*Rosseter Wye in Black and White.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The mind alone can obtain for us heavenly cheerfulness and peace.
MON.—Look upon three things as all in all—God, Creation, Virtue.
TUES.—The thought and the expectation of death improves us as much as the certainty and the choice of it.
WED.—Every man's trials are the very ones he needs.
THURS.—Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.
FRI.—To truth belongs freedom.
SAT.—Cheerfulness, or joyousness, is the heaven under which everything but poison thrives.

—*J. P. Richter.*

Home.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of long ago;
Then, with a throb of heart-ache,
That thrilled each pulsing vein,
Comes the old unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roads of cities,
Of the faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth and welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkened window,
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—*Our Homes and Our Homeless.*

How One Little Girl Decorated Her Grandpa.

Capt. Henry W. Shipman is a veteran of the rebellion. He is eighty-eight years old and therefore he found himself unable to join with his comrades in celebrating Memorial Day. He sat in a window of his son's house, on Jackson boulevard, with a Grand Army badge pinned on his coat and looked out wistfully as the soldiers and the younger veterans of the Spanish-American war went by on their way to the rendezvous. His little granddaughter Marguerite went down town with her father to see the parade. Marguerite is eight years old, but she caught the inspiration of the day and was filled with patriotic enthusiasm. Her only regret was that her grandfather was unable to take his accustomed part in the parade "Papa," she said, on her way home, "I don't think we ought to wait until grandpa is dead to decorate him. I'd like to decorate him to-day." So the little maiden got some roses and ferns, and, slipping into the house, wove a wreath and put it lovingly over her grandfather's white hair as he sat dozing in his chair. And of all the veterans in Chicago, Captain Shipman was perhaps the happiest when he awoke.

Plants Think.

"Do plants think?" said a St. Mary planter in the Denechaud lobby. "Have they powers of reason or any way of determining what is going on around them? The questions seem rather fantastic, I admit, but they are prompted by some curious observations made at my home only a few weeks ago. My daughter, who is fond of flowers, has a morning glory vine growing in a box on her window ledge. While watering it recently she noticed a delicate tendril reaching out toward a nail in the side casing. She marked the position of the tendril in pencil on the wood and then shifted the nail about an inch lower. Next day the little feeler had deflected itself noticeably, and was again heading for the nail. The marking and shifting were repeated four or five times, always with the same results, and finally one night the tendril, which had grown considerably, managed to reach the coveted support, and we found it coiled tightly around it. Meanwhile another bunch of tendrils had been making for a hook that was formerly used for a thermometer. Just before it reached its destination my daughter strung a cord across the window sash directly above. It was a choice, then, between the old love and the new, and, as a morning glory always seems to prefer a cord to anything else, it wasn't long in making up its mind. In a few hours the pale, crisp, little tendrils —which, by the way, convey a surprising suggestion of human fingers—had commenced to lift toward the twine. Next day they reached it and took such a firm grip that I don't believe they could possibly have been disengaged without breaking the fiber. Scientists are no doubt familiar with such phenomena, and, if so, I would be glad to learn whether they have formulated a theory on the subject. To me it seems simply inexplicable."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"Dad's" Birthday Surprise.

It was a small cottage, dark with the storms of over a hundred New England winters, where Robbie lived. It was a pleasant home, for the little English boy who played under the shadow of the grand old elm that leaned lovingly over the moss-grown roof. There was no happier boy of eight summers in all the New Hampshire town than Robbie, as he planned his birthday gift that beautiful June day.

Pennies to spend for birthday gifts he had but few, but the little heart beat warm and quick with the desire to make something for "Dad." A pasteboard shoe box was purchased of his older brother for a cent, and into this he put his father's writing paper, envelopes, pen, ink and postage stamps. In the center he placed a bottle filled with buttercups. When this was arranged in full view upon the kitchen table he came into our yard and out to the strawberry bed, where his mother and I were gathering the beautiful crimson fruit, and I heard him say, "Now, mar, you make him a birthday cake, a real strawberry shortcake, and we'll have such a happy time!"

The voice was so pleading that I said to the tired mother, "Take home a basket of the berries. Robbie can run to the henhouse and get the egg that 'Speckled Beauty' has just laid, and when you have made the cake I will wind a wreath of roses to put around it."

The cake was soon made, the garland of red and white roses wound, and the slender, light-haired, barefooted boy who ran along the well-worn garden path that divided the cottage from Red Gate Farm, was as happy as happy could be. He helped his mother get the dinner and put the "writing desk" beside his father's plate. When the father came in from the cornfield they sat down to their simple meal and admired the cake and flowers. They forgot that the day's work had been a hard one, for the love they had for each other made life easy. Father said it was the best cake he ever ate and that the wreath must be hung over the picture frame to keep. It took but a little to make them all so happy, when the little boy planned a surprise for "Dad's" birthday.

Hopkinton, N. H. SARAH M. BAILEY.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

A Doubtful Honor.—Murphysboro, Ill., a little town of 3,880 inhabitants, boasts of four daily and three weekly newspapers, and claims the largest out-put of the kind of any city in the world of its size. But the same notice says that it also claims that it offers for drinking purposes the muddiest water of any city of its size. As might be expected! Too many newspapers like too many churches, depreciate the moral currency by their quarrels and the severe struggle for existence.

Brown University.—John D. Rockefeller has subscribed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to a two-million endowment fund of this university, provided the whole amount is raised next commencement. Brown University has a new president. Is he to enter the race with Doctor Harper as a candidate for the administration of Standard Oil capital? The Psalmist said, "He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him." College presidents seem to be the Lord's instruments in these days in executing this difficult task.

Manila.—E. Burton Holmes, the lecturer, has just returned from battle scenes with material to illustrate his lectures. He says that "If missionaries ever need to be sent to a barbarous land, this country should send cooks to the Manila hotels." The genial lecturer was probably joking, but he was dealing in cold science and high morals. The question of wholesome eating, plain living and hygienic surroundings does lie near the bottom of that religious regeneration and spiritual conversion which is supposed to be the end and aim of the missionary.

Personal.—F. W. Holls, secretary of the American delegation to the Congress at the Hague, says of Andrew D. White, "He has a high reputation abroad and whatever he said was well received. He was constantly laboring to promote the aims of the Congress, and much that was accomplished was projected by him. He was really the leader of everything." The student of American life to-day may well ask, "Is not here the foremost American now living?" Scholar, diplomat, educator, nobly working for the amelioration of the cruelties and barbarisms of modern life, whether found in the state, in the university or in the industrial world.

Ryder Memorial Church.—The first Sunday morning service after the summer vacation at Ryder Memorial Church was a sad and solemn one, for on the previous day the "father of the church," as he was fitly called, Mr. Solomon W. Straub, passed to the higher life, and left us sorrowing, not for him, but for ourselves. The little society was organized in Mr. Straub's parlor, when there were but a handful of Universalists in Woodlawn, and owed its growth and prosperity mainly to him. His time, his means, and more than all, his fine voice, knowledge of music and sympathetic interpretation of sacred song, were freely given to his beloved church and Sabbath-school, and even when lingering disease had robbed him of strength and vitality, till he was but the shadow of his former self, he was found in his accustomed place, shirking no duty, and inspiring others by his presence and devotion. It cannot be said of him that "the place that knew him shall know him no more," for though the eye cannot see or the ear hear him, many of our most tender and helpful songs are the product of his prolific pen, and as we open our hymn books we find his name inscribed on page after page, and know that the spirit of the words and music, whether strong, true, loyal, or tender, loving, and unselfish, was that by which he lived.

On Monday, September 4, as he lay, amidst the beauty and fragrance of countless flowers, tokens of affection from sorrowing hearts, we took our last look at his changed and wasted features, and inwardly spoke our farewell, but not a final one, for he believed in a life eternal and his faith is ours.

L. J. P.

Universalist.—"Evangel" is the title of a four-page missionary leaflet, issued monthly at Clorinda, Ia. It seems to be a nimble messenger, going about Southwestern Iowa, and Rev. John Arnoup seems to be the dominant spirit. Mr. Arnoup has been preaching all summer in this part of the state, in parks and groves, and in the autumn he seems to plan to swing over into Nebraska. The time for this kind of agitation has not gone by. If only the message of the everlasting hope for those on the other side is tempered with human patience and broadest sympathies for humanity on this side, it is a propaganda than which none is more necessary.

Tower Hill, Wis.—Our special correspondents have kept our readers informed of the career of the Summer School and Grove meetings at this place, but life on the Hill did not close with these public activities. For three weeks more, the Hill, now touched with an additional mantle of quietness, continued to call down benedictions on the heads of UNITY workers. On the 1st of September the remnant of the old Sixth Wisconsin Battery of Light Artillery, that served in the Grant and Sherman army, the comrades of the senior editor of this paper, gathered at the Hill. About thirty-four of the survivors, some of them with their wives and children. The neighbors turned out and fed them out of the bounties of a country picnic. They gathered in the pavilion and the young people of the "Hill and the Valley" gave them a rousing chorus. The evening was spent in song, addresses and reminiscences.

On the 9th the Hillside Woman's Club, made up of the farmers' wives and daughters—Catholic and Protestant—were the guests of the "Hill," and the senior editor read to them from the poets.

On the 11th the same tables were utilized in another reunion to welcome home the Lloyd-Jones sisters, principals of the Hillside Home School, from their visit to the parental home nest in Wales and their wanderings on the continent; also the niece, Miss Anna Ellen Philip, one of the teachers, who had spent two years abroad in study. Again, the abundant picnic was followed by a season of song, reminiscences and addresses at the Emerson Pavilion. On the 13th the "Hill" sent its delegation to the opening session of the Hillside Home School, and the senior editor was again heard. And now, these last words are being dictated on the "Hill." On Saturday, the 16th, the camp will be silent, deserted, save by the vigilant attendant, who, during the winter months, will guard the empty cottages and make ready for the next season of 1900, toward which the citizens of Tower Hill will look with interest. After that date the editorial sanctum and the business office of UNITY, the desk of the secretary of the Liberal Congress and the study of the minister of All Souls Church will again be at No. 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago. The change of territory will make the minimum change in the movement of the mental and spiritual missionary, for there, as here, the diligent but welcome routine will be carried on.

Green Bay.—In making out a list of the liberal, i. e., the free, progressive and open churches, those that are working on lines dear to the readers of this paper, it will not do to omit the Union Congregational Church of Green Bay, Wis., of which Joseph M. A. Spence is pastor. On the 10th of July last they officially put themselves on what, to them, seemed the non-credal basis. They adopted the plan so ably urged some years ago in these columns by William C. Gannett of Rochester, i. e., first declaring the open fellowship of the church, the no-creed test of union, then fearlessly setting forth the cardinal principles of the faith that actuates the majority. The little leaflet before us contains the two statements, together with the formula of admission to the church. Accompanying this "statement of belief" and "form of admission" is the announcement of seven Sunday evening lectures on the social problem, the very topics of which are a contribution to the propaganda of religion, i. e., 1. "Social Facts and Fallacies. 2. "The What and Why of Poverty." 3. "Right and Wrong Standards of Value." 4. "Industrial Interdependence." 5. "Socialism, True and False." 6. "Some Enemies of Progress." 7. "Social Salvation and Harmony." The bulletin contains stimulating quotations from Philip Moxom, Frances Willard, Carroll D. Wright and Bishop F. D. Huntington of Central New York, the last of which demands space in this connection, coming from the official guardian of Episcopacy, it is most significant:

"Would the pulpit be seriously damaged or weakened in the purpose for which it was built, if abstractions, ritual niceties, generalities and well-worn exhortations were exchanged for judicious and plain application of the words and example of our Lord to society, to the uses and abuses of property, and to the wrongs and cruelties which sorely obstruct His Kingdom?"

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It strengthens the soul to serve God and bless the World.—*The National Baptist.*

Worn and weary women, facing the daily routine of unescapable duties, will find here consolation and fresh motives to go on. —*Helen Campbell.*

They accept large scientific views of life, its origin and fulfillment.—*The American Hebrew.*

Eminently practical for life's duties.—*Boston Transcript.*

Eight discourses, neither dusty nor dry. They have passed into other languages and have been widely copied in publications of various sects and no sect.—*World-Herald*, Omaha.

The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we shall see everywhere about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimabel which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

In style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, "Quit you meanness."—*Frances E. Willard.*

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A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, *Chronicle* and *The Cause*. who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift 10r your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

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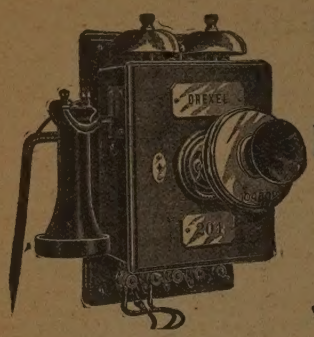

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